

PART I.

How we one another's Burdens.

When a time is brought I set out upon
my journey and the place through which
I travelled appeared to be a vast valley which
I called the Valley of Tears. It had obtained
this name from the number of the many
adventures which had presented themselves
to the eyes of the travellers. It was a
most of these travellers entered in weeping and
crying, and left it in very great pain and
anguish. The vast valley was full of a
multitude of people of all nations,
and every one of them was in the same
state of misery. The travellers who
were on either side were taking different
paths which led to the same tormented
state. It was a most terrible sight
to see the different people of all nations
and languages, and all of them in the
same state of misery. The travellers
other in the one respect, that each had a burden
on his back, which he was bound to carry through
the rest of the day, and he should arrive
by a journey or wander round at the journey's end.
The travellers would in general have made the
burden more intolerable, and not the least of
the things, out of the great multitude of these

Cheap Repository.

SUNDAY READING.

THE
VALLEY OF TEARS,
A VISION.

IN TWO PARTS.



SOLD BY HOWARD AND EVANS,

(Printers to the Cheap Repository for Moral and Religious Tracts,) No. 41 and 42, Long-Lane, West-Smithfield, and J. HATCHARD, No. 190, Piccadilly, London. By HAZARD and BINNS, Bath; and by all Booksellers, Newsmen, and Hawkers in Town and Country.

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Price Three-Halfpence, Or 9s. per Hundred.

Entered at Stationer's-Hall.

PART I.

Bear ye one another's Burthens.

ONCE upon a time methought I set out upon a long journey, and the place through which I travelled appeared to be a dark Valley which was called the Valley of Tears. It had obtained this name not only on account of the many scrowful adventures which poor passengers commonly meet with in their journey through it; but also because most of these travellers entered it weeping and crying, and left it in very great pain and anguish. This vast Valley was full of people of all colours, ages, sizes, and descriptions. But whether white, or black, or tawney, all were travelling the same road; or rather they were taking different little paths which all led to the same common end.

Now it was remarkable that notwithstanding the different complexions, ages, and tempers of this vast variety of people, yet all resembled each other in this one respect, that each had a burthen on his back which he was destined to carry through the toil and heat of the day, until he should arrive by a longer or shorter course, at his journey's end. These burthens would in general have made the pilgrimage quite intolerable, had not the Lord of the Valley, out of his great compassion for these

poor pilgrims, provided among other things, the following means for their relief.

In their full view over the entrance of the Valley, there were written in great letters the following words:

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURTHENS.

Now I saw in my vision that many of the travellers hurried on without stopping to read this instruction, and others, though they had once read it, yet paid little or no attention to it. A third sort thought it very good advice for other people, but very seldom applied it to themselves. In short, I saw that too many of those people were of opinion that they had burthens enough of their own, and that there was therefore no occasion to take upon them those of others; so each tried to make his own load as light, and his own journey as pleasant as he could, without so much as once casting a thought on a poor over-loaded neighbor. Here, however, I have to make a rather singular remark, by which I shall plainly shew the folly of these selfish people. It was so ordered and contrived by the Lord of this Valley, that if any one stretched out his hand to lighten a neighbor's burthen, in fact he never failed to find that he at that moment also lightened his own. Besides, the obligation to help each other, and the benefit of doing so, were mutual. If a man helped his neighbor, it commonly happened that some other neighbor came by and-by and helped him in his turn; for there was no such thing as what we call *independence* in the whole Valley. Not one of all these travellers however stout and strong, could move on comfortably without assistance, for so the Lord of the Valley, whose laws were all of them kind and good, had expressly ordained,

I stood still to watch the progress of these poor way faring people, who moved slowly on, like so many ticket-porters, with burthens of various kinds on their backs; of which some were heavier, and some were lighter, but from a burthen of one kind or other, not one traveller was entirely free.

THE WIDOW.

A sorrowful widow, oppressed with the burthen of grief for the loss of an affectionate husband, would have been bowed down by her heavy load, had not the surviving children with great alacrity stepped forward and supported her. Their kindness after a while, so much lightened the load which threatened at first to be intolerable, that she even went on her way with cheerfulness.

THE HUSBAND.

I next saw a poor old man tottering under a burthen so heavy, that I expected him every moment to sink under it. I peeped into his pack, and saw it was made up of many sad articles; there was poverty, oppression, sickness, debt, and what made by far the heaviest part, undutiful children. I was wondering how it was that he got on even so well as he did, till I spied his wife, a kind, meek, Christian woman, who was doing her utmost to assist him. She quietly got behind, gently laid her shoulder to the burthen, and carried a much larger proportion of it than appeared to me when I was at a distance. She not only sustained him by her strength, but cheered him by her counsels. She told him that "through much tribulation we must enter into rest;" that "he that overcometh shall inherit all things." In short, she so

supported his fainting spirit, that he was enabled to "run with patience the race that was set before him."

THE KIND NEIGHBOR.

An infirm blind woman was creeping forward with a very heavy burthen in which were packed sickness and want, with numberless other of those raw materials, out of which human misery is worked up. She was so weak that she could not have got on at all, had it not been for the kind assistance of another woman almost as poor as herself; who, though she had no light burthen of her own, cheerfully lent an helping hand to a fellow traveller who was still more heavily laden. This friend had indeed little or nothing to give, but the very voice of kindness is soothing to the weary. And I remarked in many other cases, that it was not so much the degree of the help afforded, as the manner of helping that lightened the burthens. Some had a coarse, rough, clumsy way of assisting a neighbor, which, though in fact it might be of real use, yet seemed, by galling travellers to add to the load it was intended to lighten; while I observed in others that so cheap a kindness as a mild word, or even an affectionate look made a poor burthened wretch move on cheerily. The bare feeling that some human being cared for him, seemed to lighten the load. But to return to this kind neighbor. She had a little old book in her hand, the covers of which were worn out by much use. When she saw the blind woman ready to faint, she would read her a few words out of this book, such as the following—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

—“Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.”—“I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”—“For our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

THE CLERGYMAN.

A pious minister, sinking under the weight of a distressed parish, whose worldly wants he was totally unable to bear, was suddenly relieved by a good widow, who came up and took all the sick and hungry on her own shoulders. The burthen of the parish thus divided became tolerable. The minister, being no longer bowed down by the temporal distresses of his people, applied himself cheerfully to his own part of the weight. And it was pleasant to see how those two persons, neither of them very strong, or rich, or healthy, by thus kindly uniting together, were enabled to bear the weight of a whole parish; though singly, either of them must have sunk under the attempt. And I remember one great grief I felt during my whole journey was, that I did not see more of this union and concurring kindness, by which all the burthens might have been so easily divided. It troubled me to observe, that of all the laws of the Valley there was not one more frequently broken than *the law of kindness*.

THE NEGROES.

I now spied a swarm of poor black men, women, and children, a multitude which no man could number; these groaned, and toiled, and sweated, and bled under far heavier loads than I had yet seen. But for a while no man helped them; at length

a few white travellers were touched with the sorrowful sighings of those millions, and very heartily did they put their hands to the burthens; but their number was not quite equal to the work they had undertaken. I perceived, however, that they never lost sight of those poor heavy-laden wretches, and as the number of these generous helpers increased, I felt a comfortable hope, that before all the blacks got out of the Valley, the whites would fairly divide the burthen, and the loads would be effectually lightened.

Among the travellers, I had occasion to remark, that those who most kicked and struggled under their burthens, only made them so much the heavier, for their shoulders became extremely galled by those vain struggles. The load, if borne patiently, would in the end have turned even to the advantage of the bearers (for so the Lord of the Valley had kindly decreed) but as to these grumblers they had all the smart and none of the benefit. But the thing which made all these burthens seem so very heavy was, that in every one without exception, there was a certain *inner paquet*, which most of the travellers took pains to conceal, and carefully wrapt up, and while they were forward enough to complain of the other part of their burthens, few said a word about this; though in truth it was the pressing weight of this *secret paquet* which served to render the general burthen so intolerable. In spite of all their caution, I contrived to get a peep at it, I found in each that this paquet had the same label; the word SIN was written on all as a general title, and in ink so black that they could not wash it out. I observed that most of them took no small pains to hide the writing, but

I was surprised to see that they did not try to get rid of the load but the label. If any kind friend who assisted these people in bearing their burthens, did but so much as hint at the *secret paquet*, or advise them to get rid of it, they took fire at once, and commonly denied they had any such article in their portmanteau: and it was those whose *secret paquet* swelled to the most enormous size, who most stoutly denied they had any.

I saw with pleasure, however, that some who had long labored heartily to get rid of this inward *paquet* at length found it much diminished, and the more this *paquet* shrunk in size, the lighter was the other part of their burthens also.

Then, methought, all at once, I heard a voice as it had been the voice of an angel, crying out and saying, "Ye unhappy pilgrims, why are ye troubled about the burthen which ye are doomed to bear through this Valley of Tears? Know ye not that as soon as ye shall have escaped out of this Valley, the whole burthen shall drop off provided ye neglect not to remove that inward weight of sin which principally oppresses you? Study then the whole will of the Lord of this Valley. Learn from him how this heavy part of your burthens may now be lessened, and how at last it shall be removed for ever. Be comforted. Faith and hope may cheer you even in this Valley. The passage, though it seems long to weary travellers, is comparatively short; for beyond there is a Land of everlasting Rest where ye shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, where ye shall be led by living fountains of waters, and all tears shall be wiped away from your eyes."

PART II.

The Strait Gate and the Broad Way.

NOW I had a second vision of what was passing in the Valley of Tears. Methought I saw again the same kind of travellers whom I had seen in the former part, and they were wandering at large through the same vast wilderness. At first setting out on his journey, each traveller had a small lamp so fixed in his bosom that it seemed to make a part of himself, but as this *natural light* did not prove to be sufficient to direct them in the right way, the King of the country, in pity to their wanderings and their blindness, out of his gracious condescension, promised to give these poor way-faring people an additional supply of light from his own royal treasury. But as he did not chuse to lavish his favors where there seemed no disposition to receive them, he would not bestow any of his oil on such as did not think it worth asking for. "Ask and ye shall have," was the universal rule he laid down for them. Many were prevented from asking through pride and vanity, for they thought they had light enough already, preferring the feeble glimmerings of their own lamp, to all the offered light from the King's treasury. Yet it was observed of those who rejected it, as thinking they

had enough, that hardly any acted up to what even their own natural light shewed them. Others were deterred from asking, because they were told that this light not only pointed out the dangers and difficulties of the road, but by a certain reflecting power, it turned inward on themselves, and revealed to them ugly sights in their own hearts, to which they rather chose to be blind; for those travellers "chose darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." Now it was remarkable that these two properties were inseparable, and that the lamp would be of little outward use, except to those who used it as an internal reflector. A threat and a promise also never failed to accompany the offer of this light from the King; a promise, that to those who improved what they had, more should be given; and a threat, that from those who did not use it wisely, should be taken away even what they had.

I observed that when the road was very dangerous; when terrors and difficulties and death beset the faithful traveller; then on their fervent importunity, the King voluntarily gave large and bountiful supplies of light, such as in common seasons never could have been expected: always proportioning the quantity given to the necessity of the case, "as their day was, such was their light and strength."

Though many chose to depend entirely on their own lamp, yet it was observed that this light was apt to go out if left to itself. It was easily blown out by those violent gusts which were perpetually howling through the wilderness, and indeed it was the natural tendency of that unwholesome atmosphere to extinguish it, just as you have seen a candle go out when exposed to the vapours and foul

air of a damp room. It was a melancholy sight to see multitudes of travellers heedlessly pacing on, boasting they had light enough, and despising the offer of more. But what astonished me most of all was, to see many, and some of them too accounted men of first rate wit, actually busy in blowing out their own light, because while any spark of it remained, it only served to torment them, and point out things which they did not wish to see. And having once blown out their own light, they were not easy till they had blown out that of their neighbors also; so that a good part of the wilderness seemed to exhibit a sort of universal *blind-man's buff*, each endeavoring to catch his neighbor, while his own voluntary blindness exposed him to be caught himself, so that each was actually falling into the snare he was laying for another, till at length, as selfishness is the natural consequence of blindness, "catch he that catch can," became the general cry throughout the wilderness.

Now I saw in my vision that there were some others who were busy in strewing the most gaudy flowers over the numerous bogs, precipices, and pit-falls, with which the wilderness abounded, and thus making danger and death look so gay, that poor thoughtless creatures seemed to delight in their own destruction. Those pit-falls did not appear deep or dangerous to the eye, because over them were raised gay edifices with alluring names. These were filled with singing men and singing women, and with dancing, and feasting, and gaming, and drinking, and jollity, and madness. But though the scenery was gay, the footing was unsound. The floors were full of holes, through which the unthinking merry-makers were continually sinking.

Some tumbled through in the middle of a song, many at the end of a feast; and though there was many a cup of intoxication wreathed with flowers, yet there was always poison at the bottom. But what most surprised me was, that though no day past over their heads in which some of those merry-makers did not drop through, yet their loss made little impression on those who were left. Nay, instead of being awakened to more circumspection and self denial, by the continual dropping off of those about them, several of them seemed to borrow from thence an argument of a direct contrary tendency, and the very shortness of time was only urged as a reason to use it more sedulously for the indulgence in sensual delights. "Let us eat and drink, for to morrow we die."—"Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they are withered." With these, and a thousand other such little mottos, the gay garlands of the wilderness were decorated. Some admired poets were set to work to set the most corrupt sentiments to the most harmonious tunes; these were sung without scruple, chiefly indeed by the looser sons of riot, but not seldom also by the most orderly daughters of sobriety, who were not ashamed to sing to the sound of instruments, sentiments so corrupt and immoral, that they would have blushed to speak or read them: but the music seemed to sanctify the corruption, especially such as was connected with love or drinking.

Now I observed that all the travellers who had so much as a spark of light left, seemed every now and then, as they moved onwards, to cast an eye, though with very different degrees of attention, towards the *Happy Land* which they were told lay

at the end of their journey; but as they could not see very far forward, and as they knew there was a *dark and shadowy Valley* which must needs be crossed before they could attain to the *Happy Land*, they tried to turn their attention from it as much as they could. The truth is, they were not sufficiently apt to consult a map which the King had given them, and which pointed out the road to the *Happy Land* so clearly, that the "way-faring men, though simple, could not err." This map also defined very correctly the boundaries of the *Happy Land* from the *Land of Misery*, both of which lay on the other side of the dark and shadowy Valley; but so many beacons and light houses were erected, so many clear and explicit directions furnished for avoiding the one country and attaining the other, that it was not the King's fault, if even one single traveller got wrong. But I am inclined to think that in spite of the map, and the King's word, and his offers of assistance to get them thither, that the travellers in general did not heartily and truly believe, after all, that there was any such country as the *Happy Land*; or at least the paltry and transient pleasures of the wilderness so besotted them, the thoughts of the dark and shadowy Valley so frightened them, that they thought they should be more comfortable by banishing all thought and forecast.

Now I also saw in my dream, that there were two roads through the wilderness, one of which every traveller must needs take. The first was narrow, and difficult, and rough, but it was infallibly safe. It did not admit the traveller to stray either to the right hand or to the left, yet it was far from being destitute of real comforts or sober pleasures.

The other was a *broad and tempting way*, abounding with luxurious fruits and gaudy flowers to tempt the eye and please the appetite. To forget this dark Valley, through which every traveller was well assured he must one day pass, seemed indeed the object of general desire. To this grand end, all that human ingenuity could invent was industriously set to work. The travellers read, and they wrote, and they painted, and they sung, and they danced, and they drank as they went along, not so much because they all cared for these things, or had any real joy in them, as because this restless activity served to divert their attention from ever being fixed on the *Dark and Shadowy Valley*.

The King, who knew the thoughtless tempers of the travellers, and how apt they were to forget their journey's end, had thought of a thousand little kind attentions to warn them of their dangers. And as we sometimes see in our gardens written on a board in great letters, BEWARE OF SPRING GUNS—MAN TRAPS ARE SET HERE; so had this King caused to be written and stuck up before the eyes of the travellers, several little notices and cautions, such as, "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction."—"Take heed lest ye also perish."—"Woe to them that rise up early to drink wine."—"The pleasures of sin are but for a season," &c. Such were the notices directed to the *broad way* travellers; but they were so busily engaged in plucking the flowers, sometimes before they were blown, and in devouring the fruits, often before they were ripe, and in loading themselves with *yellow clay*, under the weight of which millions perished, that they had no time so much as to look at the King's directions. Many went wrong because they pre-

ferred a merry journey to a safe one, and because they were terrified by certain notices chiefly intended for the *narrow-way* travellers, such as, "ye shall weep and lament but the world shall rejoice:" but had these foolish people allowed themselves time or patience to read to the end, which they seldom would do, they would have seen these comfortable words added, "but your sorrow shall be turned into joy;" also, "your joy no man taketh from you;" and "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Now I also saw in my dream, that many travellers who had a strong dread of ending at the *Land of Misery* walked up to the *Strait Gate*, hoping that though the entrance was narrow, yet if they could once get in, the road would widen; but what was their grief, when on looking more closely they saw written on the inside, "narrow is the way;" this made them take fright; they compared the inscriptions with which the whole way was lined, such as, "be ye not conformed to this world; deny yourselves, take up your cross," with all the tempting pleasures of the wilderness. Some indeed recollected the fine descriptions they had read of the *Happy Land*, the *Golden City*, and the *River of Pleasures*, and they sighed: but then, those joys were distant, and from the faintness of their light they soon got to think that what was remote might be uncertain, and while the present good encreased in bulk by its nearness, the distant good receded, diminished, disappeared. Their faith failed; they would trust no farther than they could see; they drew back and got into the *Broad Way*, taking a common but sad refuge in the number and gaiety of their companions. When these faint hearted people, who yet

had set out well, turned back, their light was quite put out, and then they became worse than those who had made no attempt to get in. "For it is impossible (that is, it is next to impossible) for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they fall away, to renew them again to repentance."

A few honest humble travellers not naturally stronger than the rest, but strengthened by their trust in the King's word, came up by the light of their lamps, and meekly entered in at the *Strait Gate*. As they advanced farther they felt less heavy, and though the way did not in reality grow wider, yet they grew reconciled to the narrowness of it, especially when they saw the walls here and there studded with certain jewels called *promises*, such as, "he that endureth to the end shall be saved." And "my grace is sufficient for you." Some, when they were almost ready to faint, were encouraged by seeing that many niches in the *Narrow Way* were filled with statues and pictures of saints and martyrs, who had borne their testimony at the stake, that the *Narrow Way* was the safe way; and these travellers, instead of sinking at the sight of the painted wheel and gibbet, the sword and the furnace, were animated with these words written under them, "those that wear white robes came out of great tribulation," and "be ye followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

In the mean time there came a great multitude of travellers all from Laodicea; this was the largest party I had yet seen; these were *neither hot nor cold*; they would not give up future hope,

they could not endure present pain; so they contrived to decieve themselves, by fancying that though they resolved to keep the *Happy Land* in view, yet there must needs be many different ways which led to it, no doubt all equally sure, without being all equally rough; so they set on foot certain little contrivances to attain the end without using the means, and softened down the spirit of the King's directions to fit them to their own practice. Sometimes they would split á direction in two, and only used that half which suited them. For instance, when they met with the following rule, "trust in the Lord and be doing good," they would take the first half, and make themselves easy with a general sort of trust, that through the mercy of the King all would go well with them, though they themselves did nothing; and on the other hand, many made sure that a few good works of their own would do their business, and carry them safely to the *Happy Land*, though they did *not* trust in the Lord, nor place any faith in his word. Thus some perished by a lazy faith, and others by a working pride. A large party of Pharisees now appeared, who had so neglected their lamp, that they did not see their way at all, though they fancied themselves to be full of light; they kept up appearances so well as to delude others, and most effectually to delude themselves with a notion that they might be found in the right way at last. In this dreadful delusion they went on to the end, and till they were finally plunged in the dark Valley, never discovered the horrors which awaited them on the dismal shore. It was remarkable that while these Pharisees were often boasting how bright their light burnt, in order to get the praise of

men, the humble travellers, whose steady light, shewed their good works to others, refused all commendation, and the brighter their light shined before men, so much the more they insisted that they ought to glory not in themselves, but their Father which is in heaven.

I now set myself to observe what was the particular let, molestation and hindrance, which obstructed particular travellers in their endeavors to enter in at the Strait Gate. I remarked a huge portly man who seemed desirous of getting in, but he carried about him such a vast provision of bags full of gold, and had on so many rich garments, which stuffed him out so wide, that though he pushed and squeezed, like one who had really a mind to get in, yet he could not possibly do so. Then I heard a voice crying, "Woe to him who loadeth himself with thick clay." The poor man felt something was wrong, and even went so far as to change some of his more cumbersome vanities into others which seemed less bulky, but still he and his pack were much too wide for the gate. He would not however give up the matter so easily, but began to throw away a little of the coarser part of his baggage, but still I remarked that he threw away none of the vanities which lay near his heart. He tried again, but it would not do, still his dimensions were too large. He now looked up and read these words, "how hardly shall those who have riches enter into the kingdom of God." The poor man sighed to find that it was impossible to enjoy his fill of both worlds, and "went away sorrowing." If he ever afterwards cast a thought towards the *Happy Land*, it was only to regret that the road which led to it was too narrow to admit any but the meagre chil-

dren of want, who were not so encumbered by wealth as to be too big for the passage. Had he read on, he would have seen that "with God all things are possible."

Another advanced with much confidence of success, for having little worldly riches or honours, the gate did not seem so strait to him. He got to the threshold triumphantly, and seemed to look back with disdain on all that he was quitting. He soon found, however, that he was so bloated with pride and stuffed out with self-sufficiency, that he could not get in. Nay, he was in a worse way than the rich man just named; for, he was willing to throw away some of his outward luggage, whereas this man refused to part with a grain of that vanity and self-applause which made him too big for the way. The sense of his own worth so swelled him out, that he stuck fast in the gateway, and could neither get in nor out. Finding now that he must cut off all those big thoughts of himself if he wished to be reduced to such a size as to pass the gate, he gave up all thoughts of it. He scorned that humility and self denial which might have shrunk him down to the proper dimensions; the more he insisted on his own qualifications for entrance, the more impossible it became, for the bigger he grew. Finding that he must become quite another manner of man before he could hope to get in, he gave up the desire; and now I saw that though when he set his face towards the *Happy Land* he could not get an inch forward, yet the instant he made a motion to turn back into the world, his speed became rapid enough, and he got back into the *Broad Way* much sooner than he had got out of it.

Many, who for a time were brought down from their usual bulk by some affliction, seemed to get in with ease. They now thought all their difficulties over, for having been surfeited with the world during their late disappointment, they turned their backs upon it willingly enough. A fit of sickness, perhaps, which is very apt to *reduce*, had for a time brought their bodies into subjection, so that they were enabled just to get in at the gateway; but as soon as health and spirits returned, the way grew narrower and narrower to them; they could not get on, but turned short, and got back into the world. I saw many attempt to enter who were stopped short by a large burthen of worldly cares; others by a load of idolatrous attachments; but I observed that nothing proved a more complete bar than that vast bundle of prejudices with which multitudes are loaded. Others were fatally obstructed by loads of bad habits which they would not lay down, though they knew it prevented their entrance. Some few however of most descriptions, who had kept their *light* alive by craving constant supplies from the King's treasury, got through at last by a strength which they felt not to be their own. One poor man who carried the largest bundle of bad habits I had seen, could not get on a step; he never ceased however to implore for light enough to see where his misery lay; he threw down one of his bundles, then another, but all to little purpose; still he could not stir. At last *striving as if in agony*, (which is the true way of entering) he threw down the heaviest article in his pack; this was *selfishness*: the poor fellow felt relieved at once, his light burnt brightly, and the rest of his pack was as nothing.

Then I heard a great noise as of carpenters at work. I looked what this might be, and saw many sturdy travellers, who finding they were too bulky to get through, took it into their heads not to reduce themselves, but to widen the gate; they hacked on this side, and hewed on that; but all their hacking, and hewing, and hammering, was to no purpose, they got only their labor for their pains; it would have been possible for them to have reduced themselves, but to widen the narrow way was impossible.

What grieved me most was, to observe that many who had got on successfully a good way, now stopped to rest and to admire their own progress. While they were thus valuing themselves on their attainments their light diminished. While these were boasting how far they had left others behind, who had set out much earlier, some slower travellers, whose beginning had not been so promising, but who had walked circumspectly, now outstripped them. These last walked "not as though they had already attained; but this one thing they did, forgetting the things which were behind, they pushed forward toward the mark for the prize of their high calling." These, though naturally weak, yet *by laying aside every weight, finished the race that was before them.* Those who had kept their "light burning," who were not "wise in their own conceit," who "laid their help on one that is mighty," who had "chosen to suffer affliction rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," came at length to the *Happy Land.* They had indeed the *Dark and Shadowy Valley* to cross, but even there they found a *rod and a staff* to comfort them, Their light, instead of being put out

by the damps of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, often burnt with added brightness. Some indeed suffered the terrors of a short eclipse; but even then their light, like that of a dark lanthorn, was not put out, it was only hid for a while; and even these often finished their course with joy. But be that as it might, the instant they reached the *Happy Land*, all tears were wiped from their eyes, and the King himself came forth and welcomed them into his presence, and put a crown upon their heads, with these words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy LORD."

Z.



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'Tis all for the Best.

The Cottage Cook.

The Sunday School.

Hester Wilmot, Part I. II.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

A new Christmas Tract.

Good Friday Tract.

Parley the Porter.

The Fall of Adam.

The Black Prince.

The Cheapside Apprentice.

The Lancashire Collier Girl.

The Life of William Baker.

Betty Brown.

The Shopkeeper, 4 parts.

The Good Mother's Legacy.

The Beggary Boy.

Noah's Flood.

The Troubles of Life.

The Harvest Home.

Sorrowful Sam.

Tawney Rachel.

Charles Jones, the Footman.

General Resurrection and Day of Judgment.

Onesimus

Patient Joe, Wild Robert,

Faith and Works, Gin Shop

Sinful Sally, Robert and Richard, Hampshire Tragedy,

Bad Bargain.

Turn the Carpet, Christmas Hymn, Army of Martyrs.